

Pale Rider

by Machiavelli Clausewitz

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Summary: Everyone knows that the Mado family is one of the top ghoul investigator families in Japan. When Kureo Mado's kidnapped son turns up after 6 years questions are asked, such as what happened to him. Those that knew him prior to his disappearance feel something is off, but no one can quite place what. What this lost son doesn't say in fear of his life is that he is no longer human.

1. Chapter 1

Tokyo Ghoul fanfiction: With an OC (sorry canon fans)

This is my first time ever doing this.

Please review if you have any ideas or thoughts on where you think the story is going. I have already started the second chapter and believe that if the plot is solid I will continue for awhile.

Special Thanks to: Simplewriting for convincing me to publish this and reviewing over my work.

" " = speaking

' ' = inner thoughts of the character

Slanted text means that is what the person is reading.

The boy looked up at the Wednesday night sky. He preferred the night over the day on almost all occasions. In the night it's easy to hide, to not be seen... and to hunt. But the boy was doing none of that this night. Instead he was standing outside of a door that he hadn't been in front of for six years. The boy took one last look at the sky before he walked up to the door and knocked. After a short wait, which seemed like an eternity the door was opened by Kureo Mado.

The boy could see the look of utter shock on Kureo's face. From inside the house a voice said, "Who is it father?" Kureo said nothing and as the seconds turned into minutes the boy could hear the clacking of heels on hardwood. Soon he could see Akira Mado standing next to her father, mouth agape.

The boy was the first to speak. "It's been a long time, hasn't it." Akira rushed out to embrace the boy, tears streaming from her eyes.

"I can't believe it's you, Gure! We searched for you for years, but we could never find you!" The boy, who rarely showed emotions, began to cry.

"You should come inâ€| it is you home to after all son." Said Kureo, who was desperately trying to hold his usual cold persona about him and not break down like his children had, but he was failing. The family fractured for six long years was finally whole again.

-3 hours later-

Akira had gone to bed as she had an exam in the academy the next day, and it was just Kureo and Gure left awake in the house. Kureo was the first to start the conversation. "What happened to you? You seem to be changed, but I can't just put my finger on it."

"I don't want to get into it father, not nowâ€| perhaps not ever. I've gone through some things over the past few years. Hardships best meant to be forgotten." Was the grim response Gure gave.

Kureo was a little shocked, he wasn't prepared for the sweet boy he once knew to look so sad when he spoke. Kureo decided to drop the string of questioning he had started. "Are you at least alright physically?" Questioned Kureo, he had to at least make sure his son was healthy.

"To be honest I haven't seen a doctor in six years, so that's hard to say." Chuckled Gure, obviously trying to lighten the dark mood that had set in.

"I think it would be best if we discuss this more in depth at a better time, you seem to be getting tired." To be honest it was actually Kureo who was the one getting tired, he hadn't stayed up socializing with anyone like this for a long time and was out of practice. "Sure, sounds good with me" was Gure's response, it was normal for him to be up all night, but than again Gure hadn't had a night where the terrors didn't wake him in a long time.

-Kureo POV-

Gure got up to make a bed for himself, much to the insistence of Kureo who despised the idea of Gure going back to the apartment he reserved. After all, his family had just reunited and he didn't want it split again. Kureo went to his room for the night. Before he went to bed, however, he needed to make a phone call. Kureo knew that his son had said it in a joking tone, but Kureo wanted to make sure that his son was indeed healthy, so he made a call to the Mado's doctor and scheduled an appointment for the next day. Kureo also could tell that Gure didn't want to open up to him about what had happened while he was gone. With this in his mind Kureo sent an email message to his

old friend Kishou Arima to see if he could find anything of Gure's past.

-Morning Kureo POV-

Kureo woke up to the sound of frying eggs and sizzling bacon on the griddle. He looked at the clock next: 7:05AM. It was early for Akira to make breakfast. Kureo then remembered what took place last night and a smile formed on his face as he remembered he had his son back. Kureo got out of bed still wearing his sleep attire and groggily walked to the kitchen. He saw Gure starting to serve the breakfast out on two plates.

"Good morning father" said Akira, who was already at the table.

"Good morning to you both as well. You must have been up early making this Gure." Stated Kureo, who was at the moment wondering why Gure was serving breakfast for only two and not three.

"Good morning Dad. I've already eaten, I am currently on a diet so am trying to watch what I eat. By the way I already got coffee brewing and it should be done in about two minutes." Replied Gure as he set the table for both Akira and Kureo.

"Ahh. So, Gure what are you doing today? Akira has school and I have work. But after that I have set up an appointment with a doctor for a check up later this evening on you, are you okay with that? If so drop by the house around 4:30PM so we can get there in time."

"I'm good with a doctor visit, I should be home by then. I plan on settling back into the city, it's been a long time since I was last here. I have some meetings with schools here as I do plan to stay here with the both of youâ€| if you two are okay with that."

"Of course we are. Oh, speaking of school, can you quiz me over breakfast? I have a test at the academy today." Asked Akira as she got her notes out of her briefcase.

"Sure, you're studying ghoul laws, aren't you?" Inquired Kureo, trying to figure out what he had just gotten himself into as he picked up the review packet Akira handed him.

"Question one, what is the legal classification of a ghoul?"

"Easy one, anything that can produce a kakugan and kagune." Was the quick response by Akira.

"I was under the impression that it was any person that had an RC level of over 100" Was the reply that came from Gure, which surprised the other members of the table.

"Any RC level over 100 and the person has a kakugan and kagune, so both of you are right." Answered Kureo as he read off from the sheet.

"How did you know that? Not many people outside of the Investigator Academy know anything on RC levels, and even less know the specifics on the numbers." Asked Akira, the girl everyone expected to be named Valedictorian.

"... I heard it on the news somewhere." Replied Gure in a flustered voice. "Shoot! Look at the time. I am sorry but I need to go to my first school interview. See you guys latter." Like that Gure rushed out the door.

"That was interesting, who knew he was aware of RC levels. Hell, I know some amateur investigators who are confused on those classifications." Said Kureo after Gure had left.

"Yes, that does seem odd." Was the distant reply from Akira.

-Gure POV-

'Stupid stupid stupid! I know better than to say terms like that around people.' Gure was walking briskly towards the apartment that he had rented. His plans for the day most certainly did not consist of looking for schools. He already knew where he was going and had got accepted the previous week. He had a meeting with a certain ghoul and had to be prepared.

Gure arrived at his apartment building. After a brief talk with the clerk he went up the elevator to his apartment. A penthouse suite better describes the apartment that Gure had, it was at the top of the building and was comprised of the entire floor. He had rented the apartment from his bank account in North Korea, an untraceable account as only a handful of foreigners of knew how to set up such an account with the Communist regime. The main room starred a mahogany table as a center piece with a wooden box currently placed on it. Lining all of the walls of the room were book shelves on subjects ranging from chemistry and biology to economics and law. Closer to the bookshelves were a couple of leather backed chairs and long tables. There were three doors that branched out from the main room, after walking to the one on the left he had entered his bedroom, but this wasn't the goal. Instead his goal was the room adjoining the bedroom, the closet. He went into his closet and put on his already laid out suit. 'One more thing left than I should be good'. The last item on his mental list was the wooden box that was placed on the mahogany table in the center of the room. He smiled to himself as he remembered the contents of the box. 'Ohh yes, Shu should easily become my puppet once I let him have a taste of the contents of the box.'

The meeting between Shu and Gure was set up at a neutral location within the 20th ward. It was a small business coffee shop named Anteiku, and from what Gure was told it was run by pro-peace ghouls. Gure got to the shop 30 minutes before the official time of the meeting, as he was informed that Shu liked to get to meetings 15 minutes beforehand, meaning Gure had to get there earlier still to scout the place. Gure was sitting in the back corner of the shop when the waitress walked over to him.

"Excuse me, what would you like to order?"

"What?" Replied Gure, who had spaced out thinking of possible escape routes if things went south.

"I said, what would you like to order." Replied the waitress again, this time slightly annoyed.

"Sorry about that, I would like coffee, black". As the waitress walked off towards the kitchen Gure took a closer look at her, she had short blue hair and walked with an air of confidence. Once more he took in the people of the shop, none of them were looking his way and better still, none were human judging by the fact they all had only ordered coffee and smelled heavily of some perfume to mask another, darker smell.

A man with blue hair and wearing a business suit stepped into the shop, "Well, well well. You must that annoying person who kept pestering me about a meeting!"

"You must be Shu Tsukiyama then" was the calm response by Gure.

"Indeed I am. I am glad that you know who I am, but I do not know who you are. That is very bad manners indeed." Scoffed the person named Shu.

"Well, Mr Tsukiyama, my name shouldn't concern you as long as we stay on the right foot. If you must call me something just call me Ghost. Moving onto business, I would like to request that, as a start of partnership, I would like it if none of your people touch any of the Mado family." Said Gure in a calm, almost bored tone.

"That's quite presumptuous of you. I refuse." Scoffed Shu as he got up to leave for the door.

"You don't even know what I have to offer yet, Mr. Gourmet." Said the unfazed Gure.

"Like you would have anything to offer me!" Taunted Shu.

"Ohh, but I do. See this box that I have by my chair?" Replied Gure in an amused voice.

"Yes, what of it?"

"Inside it is a very rare and expensive wine, one that I am sure you have never tasted in this country."

"Wine! That stuff makes me sick!" Shouted Shu, making it easy for everyone in the store to hear what was going on.

"You see, this wine isn't made of alcohol and grapes like the other wines you have tasted. This wine is fermented blood that has aged just shy of two centuries." Was the calm reply that Gure made, unfazed with the fact the entire store was silent so as to more easily eavesdrop on the conversation.

"You have my attention. I want a tasteâ€| and I want to know who's blood it is!" Cried the now _ Shu.

"As you wish." Gure opened the box and pulled out a wine bottle with the seal of what appeared to be a bat with large fangs. Also inside the box was one short wine glass for tasting and an engraved corkscrew made of ivory. Gure popped the seal of the bottle and poured the glasses in what appeared to be the most natural movement in the world. "Here you go Mr. Tsukiyama, and as you requested the owner of this exquisite sample belonged to none other than Napoleon

Bonaparte. Ohh, if you do doubt me you can always get a DNA check." Before Gure had even finished speaking Shu was smelling the wine to get a feel for the flavor. When he took his first sip his eyes seemed to pop out of his head in shock.

"This is the best thing I have ever tasted! It tops coffee andâ€œ it's filling as well!" Was the surprised response Shu gave.

"Indeed, and why wouldn't it be, after all, it is blood. Are you ready to accept the deal that I mentioned before, the payment being the remainder of the bottle?" Questioned Gure in a lower tone so as to avoid others attention.

"I am, on the condition that we do more business with theseâ€œ wines in the future."

"I am sure something can be arranged." Shu protectively put the wine back into the box and scurried out of the shop.

The waitress came back with a look of astonishment on her face. "I've never seen anyone handle Shu like that before. Ohh, here is your coffee"

"Thank you very much." Gure took the cup from the waitress and began to drink. After a short time he stopped drinking to ask the waitress something, "Is it customary to watch a customer drink his coffee?".

"Here at Anteiku whenever there is a new customer one of the staff always observes as the first cup is drunk." Stated the waitress in a well rehearsed manner.

"What anâ€œ interesting tradition." Responded Gure as he downed the rest of his coffee. "Tell who ever brewed this that it was fantastic. Could I perhaps get some of the beans for this so I could make this at home?"

"Why thank you, I made that pot. And no, you can not take the beans home, they are only for the coffee served here."

"Fair enough, I can see myself returning in the future, but for now I must be going I have another meeting to get to. Ohh, here's 1120 yen, what goes over is your tip. I appreciate you not stopping the meeting I was having."

"Have a good day!" The waitress called. On that note Gure got up and walked out the door.

Gure had one more meeting to finish before he had to return back home. 'Home, it felt so odd to say.' His next meeting was far more relaxed than then the one he just finished, the only hard part of course being that it was in the 13th ward, across town from where he was. Luckily, taxis do tend to stop for people wearing business suits, so it wasn't hard finding a cab. He told the cabbie to drop him off at a restaurant claiming he was there to find a date, a lie he was able to somehow sell even with the cabbie's annoying questions on the girl. Once dropped off at the restaurant he paid the cabbie and promptly started his walk.

Gure walked for three blocks until he got to the docks. There were

many warehouses that lined the docks, but he was only interested in one particular one. He found the warehouse he was searching for without much effort, it was the only one with the picture of a black horse on it. The warehouse appeared run down, but than again, looks are deceptive. To enter the warehouse you needed not a code or key, but a pinprick on the knob, a direct DNA code, impossible to fake. Gure made sure no one was watching as he entered the building. Inside he was met by an entrance secretary, although guard would be a better description as she had a mean looking assault rifle pointed at the door as Gure opened it.

"Greetings Mr. Mado, Mr Grey is expecting you." The secretary tersely said.

"Thank you Sam, new AK I see." Replied Gure with a smile on his face.

"Yes, we were able to secure the prototypes for Russia's new Kalashnikov system, you always notice." Sam said trying to hide her blushing by looking at the CCTV camera feeds on her monitor.

Sam unlocked the door to Gure's right with a key code word that only the entrance secretary personnel know. Gure walked through the open door and came to a long hallway, he knew where he was going as he had been there a few times before, so already knew the layout to get to the conference room.

As Gure entered he was greeted joviality by the man he was there to see.

"How are you doing Gure, I got the message that you wanted to meet." The man seemed to be bursting with excitement as he spoke.

"I'm doing fine Dorian. I want to check up on how the Corporation is progressing with the food." Gure stated calmly.

"Ahh. The synthetic meat production, yes. The production should be up and running in the next week. However, the CCG are still a problem. They don't have any intention of letting us sell to ghouls, a most interesting predicament. If you wish to help speed the process along I am sure that it would make things move smoother." Said a hopeful Dorian.

"Sorry Dorian, I told you I was out last month. I meant it. I'm only here to check on the meat. Thanks for the information as well, that has turned out to be very useful."

"Anything for an old friend from Unit. If that's all then I hope that your plan goes well reconnecting with your family." Said the sincere Dorian.

"Fingers crossed, If you need assistance finding shipping routes for the meat so as to minimize the costs that may occur give me a ring. I won't physically help but I can advise on the odd thing."

After saying their goodbyes Gure began his long walk back the restaurant so he could be picked up by another cab hopefully. It didn't take long for another cabbie to pick him up. This time he went to his apartment complex, he couldn't let his dad see him wearing a suit, he would start to ask questions. Questions weren't bad in

theory, but they always end up having the recipient reveal more than they wished, at least that was true with his dad. He changed into casual clothes, those being khaki cargo pants, a white button up shirt and a worn leather jacket. When Gure had finished changing his phone rang, the ringtone was 'Back In Black' by ACDC.

"Hi Dad"

"Hi Gure, remember how I said that I was going to meet you at the house before we went to the doctors?"

"Yup, something come up at work?"

"I just have to stay a little latter than expected. Can you come to my office at the CCG headquarters? That way we won't be late."

"Sure, I'll grab a cab there."

"See you soon then." *click*

'Into the lion's den, huh.' It didn't take long to get the the CCG base from Gure's apartment, not that he wanted to make it a regular trip. And so that is how Gure turned up outside the HQ of one of the most militaristic non-military organizations to have ever been conceived. Here he walked, right towards the RC detectors at the entrance of the building. He of course knew the detectors were there, but was far more concerned with the doctor visit later to care much.

"Hello how may I help you" The clerk asked.

"Yes, I am looking for Kureo Mado's office." Replied Gure.

"Youâ€¦ want to see Mado?" Replied the clerk astonished that anyone would voluntarily go see the creepy investigator outside of his daughter, and this man didn't look like his daughter.

"Of course I want to see him, he is my father after all. Things happened and I've been out of town for awhile. So, where is he?"

"Uhmm. He is on the fourth floor once you get off the elevator take a right and go to the end of the hall. Can't miss it."

"Thank you."

Gure got on the nearest available elevator and clicked the fourth floor button. Before the door closed a man in a grey trenchcoat shoved his arm in. Gure scanned this new man with great curiosity. He recognized the man from a file that he had read, but couldn't quite place the face yet.

"Sorry about that. My boss is leaving soon, I have to turn in my report." Gasped the man wearing the trenchcoat, obviously in a hurry.

"That's fine. What floor do you need?" Gure's hand was already on the buttons ready to push what the man said.

"I need to go to the fourth floor."

"Ahh, same as me."

As the elevator hit the fourth floor both males got off and turned right nearly simultaneously. After some time of walking the investigator made the first move.

"Where are you going, maybe I can help you as it's always a maze in here."

"I was told by the clerk that the person I'm here to meet is at the end of the hall."

"You're here to see investigator Mado?!" The investigator said in shock.

"Yes, is there a problem with that?" Retorted Gure, now wondering what his father did so that so many people doubted he had any loved ones.

"None at all, just not many people outside of me and his daughter come to see him willingly. By the way, my name's Amon, I am Mr. Mado's partner." Explained the investigator.

"Nice to meet you Amon, I'm Gure Mado, so I guess now both his children see him willingly." Gure shook Amon's hand as he introduced himself, this time in a more friendly tone than before.

"So you're Gure! I was at your funeral. I guess you don't want to hear that do you?" Said Amon abashedly.

"I kind of expected a funeral after six years of being assumed dead and suddenly turning up, must have caused some people's world to flip. By the way, how was my dad today?"

"Well, we patrolled the 7th ward today. He actually seemed really happy today. I think he's really glad that you're back. Here we are!" Amon and Gure entered Kureo's office.

"Here's the paperwork you asked me to do for today's rounds." Amon said to Kureo as he dropped some folders on top of a stack that was on Kureo's desk.

"Thank you Amon. Gure, thanks for coming! How was your day being interviewed by schools?" Kureo asked as his face brightened once he saw Gure.

"The interviews went great. I will be able to start school as soon as tomorrow if I want. What time was the appointment you set up, I would hate for us to be late." Asked Gure to Kureo.

"You're right, we do have to get a move on it. I'll see you tomorrow Amon."

Kureo and Gure rode a taxi down to the Mado's family doctor. The two Mado's walked into the clinic right as the nurse was calling Gure's name. After saying a quick goodbye to Kureo Gure rushed in with the doctor to get examined.

-Kureo POV-

Once Gure was in with the doctor, Kureo was told to sit in the waiting room. For once Kureo wasn't bored in the waiting room as it gave him time to read the parenting book that he picked up on his way to work that morning. 'Chapter one, for teens make sure that you stay connected. In this time of your child's development the most important thing is to open the lines of communication. Once these are open your child should feel comfortable discussing what is bothering them, this allows you the ability to give advice on any matters that they wish to get advice on.' Kureo began flipping through the book, most of it discussed stuff like homework and things that didn't apply to Gure, until he got to the diet section, 'If your child has an eating disorder the best thing to do is to ask them about it, but don't make it sound like you want them to get fatter. If they still don't seem to be eating you will need to bring them in to see a mental health professional.'

As Gure was let out by the doctor Kureo was thinking of ways to open the communication up with his son. Currently his frontrunning idea was to take Gure on a patrol with him and Amon.

"Mr. Mado, I would like to see you for a moment alone." Called out the doctor.

"Alright why alone?" Inquired Kureo.

"Just some standard questions to ask since Gure hasn't been here for awhile. Nothing to be concerned with." The doctor hurriedly replied.

Gure sat down at one of the chairs in the waiting room as Kureo walked with the doctor to his office. The doctor motioned Kureo to sit, then closed the door.

"What questions did you want to ask?" Asked Kureo, as he sat down in a chair across from the doctor.

"To be honest these aren't standard questions at all. Mr. Mado, I have known you for a long time and I think I should tell you the results of the appointment."

"I appreciate that, but wouldn't I be told anyway? I am still his father." Asked Kureo with a perplexed look on his face.

"Normally that would be the case, but your son has requested that his medical files be sealed, and he seems quite serious about that so I would suspect what documents you would see would be censored by him if I did send some over."

"Why would he want to do that!" Voiced Kureo, in a loud almost angry tone.

"I will start off with a synapse of the important things. Firstly your son appears to have great distrust for me and I could see him eyeing the door thinking of escape every once in awhile. I see the look of confusion on your face Mr. Mado. I believe your son may have had some type of bad experience with doctors before. I highly suspect that whatever happened between him and doctors has something to do with the identification numbers on his forearm, there were six digits

and seemed quite worn from age. Following what was on his skin I saw tons of scarring. I would say off of a rough estimate that nearly 70% of his body has been scarred in some way either by blades, fire, chemical burns, bullets or shrapnel. Many of his bones seem to have been broken at one time as well, I will have an exact number when the x-rays get done. His eye sight is phenomenal, he was able to go all the way and then some, he is at 30/20." While the doctor was speaking he could see Kureo's face darken. The doctor was under the impression that Kureo knew much of this already, but by the look of the man's face could tell him that this was a surprise.

"Howâ€œ can I help him?" Stammered Kureo who was visibly appalled of what had happened to his son.

"I would say that physically he is fine now. Mentally, though, he has things to work out. Perhaps being back with his family will help, if what you said about him coming back recently is true. Other than that the only thing I can think of would be a therapist." Said the doctor in a flat tone, he knew that whatever happened to the boy was far, far worse than what his patient had told anyone.

"Thank you for telling me. I will see if he will tell me some of what happened." Was the only reply that Kureo made before he got up and left.

Kureo left the meeting with much to ponder about. As he got to the waiting room he saw Gure reading the Wall Street Journal, something Kureo sensed was natural for his son to do.

"How did the questions go?" Inquired Gure, who for his part doubted they were standard questions.

"They went well, just standard things I had to sign up on since this is our family doctor and you are coming back to him." Was the response Kureo gave, years of lying to ghouls had taught Kureo how to make things believable.

"Okay, what now? Tomorrow is Friday, than the weekend. Do you get the weekend off? We should all do something if so together."

"I get Saturday off, Sunday I do have a shift to do. Speaking of that on Sunday would you like to join me and Amon's patrol? I can get the paperwork done if you want." Stated Kureo Hopefully.

"I would love to, I have never been on a patrol before." Was the eager reply that came from Gure. On that note both Mados left the clinic to find a cab.

"I haveâ€œ somethings to sort out at home with Akira, would you mind not coming over today?" Tentatively asked Kureo.

"I'm okay with thatâ€œ we will see each other tomorrow right?" Inquired Gure.

"Yes of course. I just have somethings that I have to finish before you can come live with us." Quickly responded Kureo, he didn't want his son to feel out of place in his own home.

With that Gure's face brightened. Gure knew that Kureo didn't want him over at the house for some reason, but as long as he was still

welcome than it was a better than the previous night, where he didn't know if he would even be recognized.

Gure was the first to get a cab. Kureo watched as Gure left. He knew that Akira was going to be furious with him when he tells her that he requested that Gure didn't come home today. But Kureo also had to figure out some of the secrets that Gure had hid, and he had his old friend Kishou Arima coming by the house to drop off his findings in a report.

-Gure POV-

The cab ride to Gure's apartment took twenty minutes. He gave the driver a 1000 yen tip and walked through the front of the building. Gure knew that Kureo would likely have him looked into, infact he was expecting it. He had done his research on everyone that his father and sister interacted with over the past six years. So it came as no surprise when he opened up his computer to find that the investigator who had googled him the most was none other than his father's old friend Kishou Arima. Gure had a pretty good idea of what would be found, after all half the articles on him were written by Gure himself.

Before Gure headed off to sleep he reviewed his transcripts and school briefcase once more. His transcript was for the Investigator Academy, the same one his sister went to. He doubted he would be placed in the same class as her, but if she was as smart as her report said, then there was the possibility that they might. To avoid attention at lunch he had already packed his lunch, this comprised of rice, meat and a small bread roll. Of course all this food was soaked in his favorite sauce beforehand so there was no need to bring it to school, that would lead to a very unique conversation with anyone who requested his seasoning. His briefcase was the standard one that the school supplied. He had spare paper, writing utensils, text books and two things out of the ordinary. The first was a small beat up diary with yellow pages due to age with the inscription 'Project White Horse'. The second item that was out of place was Gure's access card, it was an antique now from his time at Unit. It was a simple key card with his picture and under that picture it stated his clearance level, being ten and a barcode.

Once Gure had made the preparations for the next day that pleased him he got into his night clothes and slipt into his silk sheets. Before he dozed off his phone lit up. Gure groaned as he knew he couldn't fall asleep without reading the message. It was from Akira and simply said, 'Hope you had a good day. Missed you.'

'Love you too. My day was eventful enough for me to be worn out. I'll be going to school tomorrow. Wish me luck :).' Was the response that Gure sent back before shutting off his phone.

On that note Gure fell into a deep sleep. One that until the night before he doubted he would ever have again.

2. Chapter 2

Special thanks to Simplewriting for their wonderful job of proofreading.

I did not expect this to be read as much as it has in the short time between my first release and this. Thank you readers for following along. Also, I won't bite, so feel free to review.

I plan making longer fight scenes. The one in this chapter is short as it's meant to show the difference in abilities from Gure to a weak investigator, (Plus the character I created personally pissed me off).

I generally know where I am headed with this story and can see me writing 60,000 plus words easily. After that I already have an idea for my next story, may not be Tokyo Ghoul but it will be dark for sure.

-Kureo POV-

When Kureo came home Thursday evening he was greeted by the livid Akira.

"Where's Gure?" Hissed Akira in a menacing tone.

"I requested that Gure not come back today, I am getting some information on his past tonight and I know he doesn't want me to find out about it." Responded Kureo in a monotone voice, he had practiced that speech while on the taxi ride over.

"Fine then, I won't tell you what I got on my test then." Akira stated in a spiteful manner.

Kureo knew he would have heard more about the conversation, but at that moment Kishou Arima drove up in his car. Kureo decided to make the smart move and avoid the fight with the livid Akira.

"Kishou, please come inside. I want to know what you found out."

"My pleasure Mr. Mado. I have quite the story to tell you on what I found. Best you two find somewhere to sit, if that is Akira will be joining us?" Inquired Kishou.

"I can't stop her if she does, she's not happy I asked Gure go home without seeing her." Kureo sheepishly responded.

The three people walked into the house. The house itself was quite modest. The entrance stared a hallway with wooden floor boards. The entire house had white wallpaper and was unsurprisingly clean to those who knew the two Mado's at work or school. Kishou walked to a recliner in the living room adjourning the entrance. Akira and Kureo followed suit, sitting on a couch that opposed Kishou. Kishou started the conversation, "I would like to start by saying I did the best that was possible for me to do in this short time, but I think from the very interesting call I had I feel quite confident in stating that if you want any more information on Gure, you will have to ask him yourselfâ€ or the head of the CCG. Whichever is easier to convince to tell you."

"What do you mean? I mean I know a day isn't going to have you find everything on someone, there should be more. Plus with the CCG's resources it should be really easy." Akira quizzically asked.

"Let me tell you what I was able to find, than you can make

judgement. While I am talking I hate interruptions, so please don't make any." Both Mado's nodded their heads in agreement that they wouldn't interrupt. "I started digging into Gure's past by using the police reports from the area where he was kidnapped. He didn't have any police filesâ€¦ at least none under the name of Gure Mado that I could find. I ran a scan using the CCG's facial recognition software to see what files he was on. The length of the list surprised me and many of them appeared to be military operations judging by the few seconds I saw their names. After the first results of the software loaded up my computer locked down with the message stating I didn't have security clearance. That's when things started to get wild..."

-Kishou POV CCG call earlier that day-

Kishou's phone began to ring as he stared at his computer in shock. Kishou was one of the highest ranking ghoul investigators and he lacked the clearance to get information on a seventeen year old kid. Kishou shook his head trying to unfaze himself before he picked up the phone.

"Mr. Arima, please state why you have looked up this person." Stated a gruff voice on the other side of the line.

"I don't have to answer to a mysterious voice on my phone!" Kishou normally had a very calm demeanor, but today was too weird even for Kishou.

"I am Tsuneyoshi Washuu, director of the CCG. Now you will answer me Mr. Arima."

"... How do I know that you're who you say you are." Doubtfully asked Kishou.

"I don't have all day. I know that your mentor was Kureo Mado. You've had a crush on Akira Mado for the past two years and have tried to write multiple drafts on your computer of a love letter. Most importantly I am the person who has the authority to shut down your computer due to you searching Mr. Gure."

"Okay, you have proved that you are Mr. Washuu. I was looking at information on Gure Mado as a favor for Mr. Mado." Reluctantly stated Kishou.

"Thank you for finally telling me. Here's a tip for with dealing with Gure, DON'T. I would stop your search as I will not allow you to use CCG sources for this endeavour and I know for a fact that Mr. Gure keeps a very low profile online, what sources you do find are probably written by him for you to find."

"Why is Mr. Gure so important to the CCG? Can you at the very least tell me something to tell Mr. Mado. We both know if he gets nothing he will keep looking." Was the only response Kishou could think of where he could get a sliver of information from this talk.

"Fine. Mr. Gure worked for the CCG's parent organization and was ranked very highly in it prior to its implosion. After that he sued the Japanese government and the CCG for malpractice for an amount I won't state. You won't find the case anywhere as it is sealed, also if Mr. Gure talks about what he sued for than his settlement will be

voided."

"Thank yo-"

-click-

'Jackass!' Kishou had never spoken to the director before and that this was his first of the director calling him meant that this Gure was a very interesting person indeed. 'I want to meet him' was all that Kishou thought about for the rest of the day.

-Present time at the Mado residence-

Kishou finished summarizing his talk to the Mado's, although he was careful to leave out the part where it was revealed he had a crush on Akira. He looked about the room as he was speaking and he could see that Akira was the most surprised, Kureo seemed to be expecting some dark information to be found.

"Now after that eventful conversation I went to a nearby internet cafe and had to google the rest of the information I found on him. The commissioner was right by saying many of the sources seemed to be created by the same person, whether this was by Gure or not it is impossible to know, either way I will exclude that information. The other best information that I found was off of a photo with Gure and another man. They seemed to be in the countryside in Europe as they were by a castle. The other man was a person by the name of Dorian Grey, he's a high roller investor with the AIB and also a respected advisor to Asian countries on their ghoul issues. That was all I was able to find, any further questions I don't know the answer to."

Both Mado's were shocked by what Kishou had found. Even Kureo, who knew of Gure's scars, never expected that his history would tie in with the CCG at such a high level. After Kishou's summary he left, claiming he had an early shift at the 20th ward the next day, but his real reason was that he wished to give the two Mado's space to deal with the information he had given them.

Soon after Kishou left both the Mado's were silent. Neither wished to be the first to speak in the earth shattering news they were given. Of the two Kureo knew the best just how important Gure must have been to the Director for him to make a call himself to stop the investigation by Kishou. Kureo never liked the Director as he always seemed like he was playing some game that no one else could see and due to that treated Kureo like a pawn.

Kureo was the first to act. He got up from his seat on the couch, mouth still slightly agape and walked off to his bed. He didn't even change his clothes before hitting the bed. Akira wasn't far behind. She had already completed that day's assignments for the Academy and only changed into her sleep wear before she herself crashed like her father.

-Friday Morning Akira POV-

RING, RING, RING! Akira opened her eyes groggily and opened her phone up to stop the alarm. Akira had to goad herself out of her warm cozy bed. She knew that she would have to hit the showers before her father if she wanted any hot water.

A half hour latter Akira had already for the door. She had yet to see her father this morning, but after what he did last night she had to let it sink in to him that he can't just convince Gure not to come by the house, because he was digging into Gure's past behind his back. Just thinking about last night made her tense with anger. Right now she couldn't think of that. She had heard the rumor that some of her classes were getting a new transfer student and he was said to be quite hot.

One of the bonuses of having an inspector as a father was that he got housing from the CCG. This not only saved on expenses but it meant that her house was quite close to the Investigator Academy. As she walked through the school gate of the school's law complex she heard the five minute bell ring it's menacing sound. Thinking about her father must have made her a little latter than usual. Akira started sprinting down the halls to reach her class on time.

Akira rushed into the room. She didn't have time to notice anything out of the ordinary until she sat in her chair. Her class was in the lecture room that day and it was set up like an auditorium. There were ten rows of gradual incline the further back you were. Each row had thirty chairs that were connected to a desk. After Akira had pulled out her law classes binder and gotten ready to take notes her surroundings struck her.

Akira first noticed that unlike usual, where there was merry chatting going on, all the females were secretly whispering to themselves while sitting towards the back of the room, and all the males were grimacing at the front of the class. When she turned her head to face the front of the room she saw the last person she expected to be standing with the professor at his desk.

Bing-bong-bong-bing

"Good morning class. I have here with me the new transfer student" said the professor in his usual monotone voice.

"Salutations fellow students. My name is Gure Mado. I will be starting here for the remainder of our time together and will graduate the same as all of you, unless unforeseen circumstances arrive." Was the calm and collected introduction Gure gave. Gure was dressed in the schools required attire, being a black suit. However he did wear some rather dashing additions with a vibrant red and gold tie that featured a chinese dragon, silver cufflinks and a shimmering silver tie pin.

"Where did you transfer from?!" Squealed one of the girls in the back of the class.

"I was most recently taught at the Pingfang, China CCG branch. They were more intoâ€¦ on the job training you could say" chuckled Gure as he remised on the past.

"You said you last name was Mado. Any relation to the Iron Lady?" Scoffed one of the boys in a dark corner of the classroom. When Akira turned to see who spoke she could only see him hiding behind a binder, not wishing to be seen by her.

"By Iron Lady I take it to mean Akira Mado. Correct?" After waiting some ten seconds without any confirmation Gure continued, "As to whether or not Akira is related to me, the answer is yes. She is my sister. I was gone for the past six years due to someâ€¢ rather unfortunate happenings and have just recently gotten to see her again."

"Now, I believe that this is enough of an introduction Mr. Mado. Please find a seatâ€¢ over there." The professor pointed to an open seat behind Akira and to the right of her. This seat seemed quite rigged in Akira's point of view as it was surrounded by a gaggle of girls who were already cooing over their new play thing.

Gure walked up the stairs bringing his briefcase, which he pulled from behind the teacher's desk. When Gure sat down he was immediately berated by questions from the surrounding girls. Normal Akira wouldn't be interested in such trivial small talk, but as this was her brother she hadn't seen in the past six years she was very interested.

"Have you ever dated?" Bluntly stated the girl sitting behind Gure.

"I have never dated, although I was engaged at one time. It has been called off now due to the mother disapproving of me."

"What do you look for in a girl?" Said a girl Akira didn't recognize.

"Not answering that. Next line of questions." Even though Gure was practically under interrogation by these girls he never seemed to let their stares shake his nerves, at least he Akira couldn't see any hint of it.

Akira decided she wished to take a shot at her brother to get some information and asked, "What type of combat do you know?"

Gure smiled smugly, "In hand to hand I am proficient in Varma Kalai. In Russia I was taught how to fire weapons of all caliber. In Pingfang I received rudimentary quinque training."

"So you know martial arts? How about after this we pair up for sparring?" One of the boys chimed in. He was a large boy and from what Akira knew liked to bully the first years.

"Sparring huh, I would like to avoid that for the time being. Martial arts are meant for self defense, not for people to show their strength." Commented Gure, who suspected that the boy was jealous he was receiving all the attention.

"What's it going to take for a friendly spar huh?" Goaded the boy.

"Wellâ€¢ I have no incentive to fight, I know my ability and that's enough for me." To Akira, Gure seemed to have no idea what he was getting himself into.

"Don't do it Kasei, he just got here." Akira pleaded. She didn't know her brother well, but by God she was going to protect him like she should have those six years.

"Fine, I'll tell you what. You spar with me and none of my group, or I, will ever call Akira Iron Lady." Said Kasei, who was barely suppressing his malicious grin.

"Fine by me. After class in the GYM it is then." Responded Gure in his standard voice, not revealing any emotion.

The girls who had been previously crowded around Gure had drifted back to their seats. They had seen what Kasei had done to freshmen who didn't view him as top dog. When Kasei was done they boys were turned into nothing more than sheep following under Kasei's fist. Of course people had tried to stop him, but Kasei was not only big but knew mixed martial arts.

For Akira the rest of the class was quite boring. She took some notes on what the professor said about how as an investigator you aren't allowed to use excessive force. Akira found that remark quite ironic as one of his students was about to learn the full meaning of the word very soon.

"Hey Gure. You don't have to fight him. There would be no shame in backing out." Akira whispered to Gure, trying not to get caught by the professor.

"It'll be fine. He's not a ghoul. There are people like him everywhere."

"What if I told you that his father is in the Japanese senate. He could cause trouble for you in the CCG if the fight is fine." Akira filed away the fact that Gure mentioned fighting a ghoul before for a latter time.

"Don't be preposterous. He won't do something like that. I'll make sure of it." Scoffed Gure.

Akira didn't know what Gure had planned, but at least she felt that he had a plan. When the bell rang Gure was the first to get up, instead of walking straight to the GYM he turned down a side corridor and pulled out his phone to call someone. Akira tried to follow him, but by the time she was in earshot he had hung up.

"Did you call one of the teachers?" Asked a surprised Akira. She never expected her brother to take that rout of dealing with the issue.

"Ha ha ha. No, I called the nearest hospitals ECR unit to tell them they should be expecting someone in the next thirty minutes and to send an ambulance over immediately." Chucked Gure in a grim tone. "I know that Kasei has been bullying people and has done this before. One of the boys in his group told me. I expected this once the girls started asking questions."

"Then why didn't you try to avoid it" Cried Akira indignatiously.

"And ruin all the exercise I'll get! No thank you. Plus after this no one should bully me or you ever again." It was then that it hit Akira. Her brother had planned this to happen. Maybe not the deal, but he may have goaded Kasei into it.

Gure began to walk towards the GYM at an even pace. Akira followed him step by step. When they got to the GYM a crowd had already gathered and in the center of it was Kasei, already in his GYM clothes.

"Making your last goodbye's pretty boy?" Jeered Kasei.

"On the contrary, I was calling an ambulance and already told an ECR unit that you're coming." Scoffed Gure. He then ran to the changing rooms to get into clothes suited for fighting.

"So Iron Lady, hope you like the name cause we're all going to call you it for the rest of the year."

"It's fine. You know Gure wasn't lying about calling an ambulance. I hope they get stuck and you die." Akira retorted.

It was then that Gure jogged over to the group. The crowd parted to make way for him. Everyone backed up a fair distance. They knew that Kasei enjoyed throwing his adversaries to show off his strength.

One of Kasei's herd steeped between the two fighters, "The fight will be to first blood. If one fighter taps out it is up to the discretion of the victory to decide to give or not. GO!" As the boy shouted the last word he ran for cover in the crowd.

Akira was at the front of the crowd and had a prime view on the proceedings. Kasei rushed forward in an attempt to tackle the much smaller Gure. Gure simple side stepped out of the way without exerting much effort. At that point Kasei changed his style to that of boxing and tried for a left hook at Gure's face. However, he swiped at empty air millimeters away from Gure's face. Gure merely smiled and seemed to be measuring every movement that his opponent made. Kasei then threw a kick at Gure's face in an attempt to wipe the smile off his face. Yet again Kasei hit nothing.

"Why don't you stop dodging and fight like you were bragging about." Screamed the frustrated Kasei.

"First of all, I wasn't bragging, I was answering a question. And now to answer yours, I have seen all that I need to." Responded Gure, not even panting while he spoke and dodged the punch Kasei threw at him.

While Kasei was retracting his first from the punch Gure threw his first offensive movement, that was with his body and hands sweeping around the retracting fist, pushing the elbow with constant force with his left hand and with his right he drew Kasei's retracting fist towards himself in a position that re-extended the arm and continued with the arc of extension.

CRACK

The resonance of the sound of Kasie's right arm being broken shook the room. It wasn't so much the sound, as the fact that in one deft move Gure had broken a man's arm who appeared far bulkier to himself.

"If you want to, I will let you tap out." Coldly stated Gure, no life

seemed to be left in his voice.

"Like bloody hell I WILL! My arm isn't bleeding, jus—" Kasei wasn't able to finish his sentence as an open palm struck Kasei in one of his ribs. The force was enough to make Kasei wobble, he could feel the broken rib scrape his skin from the inside. Kasei tried to open his mouth to speak again, but couldn't get any words out. Those close enough to the fight could see that Kasei's teeth were stained with his own blood, his eyes wide with fear.

Gure leaned in close to Kasei's face so that only he could here, "Shh... It's done now. You can go to sleep." When Gure finished speaking Kasei closed his eyes, in a strangely peaceful manor. Akira had moved in closer to the fight to see what Gure would do, and had picked up on what Gure said.

The boy from earlier rushed out onto the floor again, "Kasei has been the first to show blood! Gure is the winner." The room stayed quiet in shock. No one had ever beaten Kasei, not even their combat instructor, although everyone thought this was because the instructor was too scared of Kasei's father to do so.

At that moment a team of paramedics rushed into the room making a beeline straight to the unconscious boy. They worked hard and in less than a minute had him on a stretcher.

"What happened here!" Shouted one of the paramedics.

"Simple rivalry I would say. You will need to hold rib number four steady. He was moving around and may have punctured one of his lungs. Besides that is a broken right arm, nothing a good setting won't fix." Rushed the explanation given by Gure.

"You're the voice I heard on the phone! Did you know this would happen?" Inquired the paramedic, who after being to the school enough on calls similar to this involving the boy now in the stretcher had learned that he got in a lot of fights.

"Yes I did Ma'am. I also knew that the boy in questions here wouldn't stop his bullying if something hadn't been done. I feel that I took care of it in the most timely way I could imagine." Was the cold, calculated reply from Gure.

The Paramedics all stared at the boy. In all their time of work they had never met someone quite like him. He admitted to injuring the stretcher boy on purpose and had done so not in the tone of pride, or remorse, just cold facts. The paramedic team didn't have any time to ponder what the boy had said, if what he had said about the rib was true they needed to give immediate action to the boy.

Akira was just as shocked as the rest of the students. In less than ten seconds her brother had taken out their grade's largest bully. After the paramedics left, Gure hastily walked back to the boys changing room, he didn't comment on the fight even as everyone was asking him about it.

-Gure POV-

Gure stumbled into the empty changing room. He could hardly control himself anymore. The process of fighting and the smell of being so

close to a defenseless body with the glories smell of fresh blood had made his mouth water. He looked into the mirror to find that his kakugan was showing. His right eye was completely black except for the tributaries of vibrant blood red RC cells that connected at the center to form a gold slit eye. 'Fuck! I didn't expect going this long without eating would make me turn so easily at the mere smell of blood.' His body convulsed in a new fit of hunger, He tried to bite his left forearm in an attempt to quench his hunger, but that didn't seem to help much.

"Gure Mado please report to the principal's office" was the announcement over the loudspeaker.

Gure continued to curse while he changed into his school clothes. 'First the fight now I have to see the principle. Can I get a break, NO! Nothing bad will happen at the Investigator Academy they say!' When Gure had finished changing he made his way to the principal's office. He had been there when he was being interviewed and found the principle to be quite the character.

"Hey, great fight. Where did you learn that?" Akira asked walking beside him.

"Not now, Akira. I'm not really in a good mood." Blurted Gure, who had still yet to get his hunger under control.

"Okay" was the dejected response Akira gave. "Hey if you have time during lunch me and some friends will be on the roof." Responded the now hopeful Akira.

Gure nearly lunged at Akira when she said lunch. 'Yes, why don't you become my lunch' said his inner voice. "Ya, sounds great" muttered Gure hoping that his thoughts didn't bleed through his demeanor.

After that Akira lightened up and nearly skipped down the hallway to her next class. Gure was glad that he walked the rest of the way in peace. The principal's room was on the second floor of the building, when Gure opened the door he could see that the decor was fit for a prince.

"You look like hell. Damn Gure it's been a week since the last time I saw you and you look far worse. Almost like that time Unit tested their prototype knives on your back!" Jested the person sitting in the principal's chair.

"You should see the other guy. By the way, I love what you've done with the place Anna Tepes." Curtly responded Gure to the person in the chair. Tepes was British by descent, her father had married a Japanese man and had moved to the city to have Anna. Anna joined the CCG at a young age, and by the age of 43 had proved herself a worthy administrator and investigator. After stepping on one too many toes at the CCG she was moved to being the principle of the Investigator Academy. Her personality was what got her in trouble, she liked to play people, normally this was fine but Anna was too good for her seniors to mind. She enjoyed the job and liked all her studentsâ€¦ even her less normal ones.

"I did see the other guy. Fine work I might add, he was a thorn in my side. If I went after him his senator father would demote me and if I

did nothing the CCG would demote me. Also what did I tell you about calling me Tepes, it makes me feel like an old women!"

"So you arranged for me to be in the same class as him to provoke a fight" leered Gure. "Other than doing that dirty work why am I here?"

"Firstly I have to make sure I don't look like I had any hand in that matter. But the real reason now is because I know that look in your eyes. You're hungry, when was the last time you ate"

"First off I have it under control, and secondly it's none of your damn business professor."

"That long huh. You forget that I was the one that taught you most of what you know. I can't have you attack any of my students, well none that I don't give prior approval of" Smirked Anna.

"I've been eating hospital organs for the past month if you wish to know, my cheaper wine is also still filling."

"Gure, we both know last time you had organs for a week straight you puked your brains out. People like you need fresh meat or you go crazy." Consoled Anna in a motherly way. Anna had taken a liking to the boy while she taught him and others like him for Unit.

"I like when I don't have to go out and hunt, it makes me feel normal again" was the dejected response from Gure. "But fine. If you want me to hunt I'll do it." Gure said, exasperated.

"Indeed I am, and also I'll send you back after lunch I'm not going to risk anything more today." Anna sighed, Gure could be quite the handful when he let his emotions into play, it was rare but she had to admit he was probably one of the more dangerous people in Tokyo at the moment.

"Chess or Go? I doubt I would be able to keep up the act in front of Akira without her noticing anything while eating lunch."

"Go." Smiled Anna.

Anna and Gure played for the next two hours. Go was both their favorite game, it incorporated the strategy of chess and the long term intellect both of them strived for. The turn before the win Anna made a move that converted a solid ninety percent of Gure's black pieces her color.

"Looks like my win again." Smugly stated Anna.

"Damn, I thought I had you this time. What is it now, four to twelve?" Said the now brooding Gure.

"Ha! Nice try it's three to fourteen and you know it. Good game though, you've learned much since I left Pingfang. I should probably write your pass now shouldn't I."

"Yes, Akira is going to be pissed that I didn't have lunch."

Anna scribbled out a pass on a sheet of paper, "Good luck getting back to normal, if things go bad you'll always have a place at my

house."

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

As Gure headed back to class Anna finished typing her message to Mr. Mado. She was going to make a house call. Anna wasn't an expert at family therapy, but she knew enough to know that the best way to take out a bullet was to first open the wound and pull it out with tweezers or the body never fully healed.

By the time Gure got back to class it was the last lesson of the day. This was the law class that he heard Akira talk about. He was lucky enough to get to class before the bell rang and find his seat. It was the same seating arrangement as before, sitting behind Akira.

"The principle grilled me for a few hours, so I couldn't have lunch with you, sorry" Whispered Gure to Akira, who he noticed didn't look at him from the time that he got in.

"Okay, don't fight again. You had me worried, I'm the one supposed to look after you, not the other way around." Was the curt response Akira gave.

"Are we good then?"

"Mr. Mado! Care to answer my question on the CCG's privacy code?" Interrupted the professor, who had noticed the side conversation going on.

"Absolutely, the Aikoku act states that the CCG has the authority to wire phones, view all stored internet data, all electronic data, and to search the houses of any members of Japan who are suspected of either being ghouls or to be hiding them. There is a lot of controversy over this as it has been argued that the CCG is targeting their political rivals more than suspected ghouls, whoever figures on both statistics are hard to come by." Replied Gure to the professor in an off handed manner.

"Very good Mr. Mado. Now, continuing on with what I was saying." The professor droned on for the next few hours and half until the last bell of the day rang. The students filed out of the school, Gure walked by himself at first, before being intercepted by Akira.

After some time of walking in silence Akira said, "What happened to you while you wereâ€¦ taken?"

Gure sensed that Akira wanted no needed some answers from him. So he decided to humor her, "I will answer on the condition that we play a game, I will answer truthfully one question you ask for every question you answer for me. To start off I will need a more specific question, as lots happened to me."

"Okay, where did you get the money to buy that suit?" Akira had been wondering this question since she saw Gure that morning.

"Two areas, first was from a settlement with the Japanese government and the CCG, secondly was from the company that I started. Now my question, why do you want to be an investigator?"

"I want to be an investigator to be like both of our parents and to

kill the ghoul that murdered our mother." Akira fiercely responded.
"What company did you start?"

"I started a think tank company that goes by the name Alchemy Corporation. I've implemented systems for governments to more peacefully lower the homicide rates for ghouls by up to 70% in some countries. What are your views of ghouls in general?"

"Generally I view them as vile creatures whose purpose is to enact unjustified death upon innocents. They don't care about society, only murder and eating." Akira said vehemently. "Who was your fiance? You mentioned her earlier."

"Firstly I would like to critique your answer of ghouls. You only know the ghouls that are violent, but that only makes up 43% off the ghoul population. The rest eat only already dead bodies or organs. My fiance was Eto Yoshimura. Who, assuming you have a boyfriend is he?"

"I'll tell you some other time, we're almost home and father has Amon come over on Fridays." Akira said. Both Gure and Akira walked into the house at the same time.

"Should I change before father comes? This seems a little too formal here." Gure inquired.

"It'll be fine, they'll have their investigator uniforms on so you won't be out of place. Make yourself at home, I'll make dinner." Akira rushed into the kitchen. "You like pot roast right?" Cried Akira from the kitchen.

"Sounds great." Gure responded. He was already seating himself in the living room. He opened up his case and opened it to the book that the school didn't allow on premises, 'Project White Horse'. Gure smiled to himself, this was the feeling of normality that he wished for. When the smell of AKira's cooking wafted into his nostrils he was again struck by convulsions of starvation. Gure nearly forgot that he was anything but normal, and that even went for ghouls, as well as humans.

End
file.